CHAPTER VII

ROUTE OF CAPTAIN CLARK TO THE MOUTH OF THE YELLOWSTONE RIVER

AND what of Captain Clark and his party during all these weeks that Captain Lewis has been exploring *Lewis's Cut-off* between Clark's, or Bitter Root, River and the Missouri; fighting Indians and conducting retreats; fleeing down the Missouri, and being mistaken for elk by short-sighted hunters?

After Captain Lewis had set out on July 3d *down* Clark's River, Captain Clark with the remainder of the outfit, consisting of twenty men, one squaw, one papoose and fifty horses, started *up* the river along its western bank. The printed journals give the number of men as fifteen, but this is an apparently inexcusable error. There were thirty-one men in all; Lewis's party consisted of ten, and Clark started with the remainder, so that it is simply a question of subtracting ten from thirty-one, which usually leaves twenty-one. The party travelled thirty-six miles that day, and on July 4th made thirty miles, which are over-estimates of distance on direct lines, and on reaching the forks of the stream they camped on the Nez Percé Fork. The country over which they travelled is now covered with vineyards, orchards, and clover fields in alternation with patches of wild, or pine timbered land.

Clark's narrative, as worked out by Biddle, is ambiguous along here. They apparently "struck the road" twice by which they "had descended" in 1805, but undoubtedly the meaning must be taken in a general sense, for the trail, going

down-stream, forked at the junction of the Ross and Nez Percé forks, one branch going down each side of the combined river, so that either branch was, in a sense, "the old road" they had previously used.

The streams were all banks full, the melting snows in the mountains sending down avalanches of water, so that in fording, the men, "merchandise and provisions" usually got very wet.

On the night of July 4th the party "had every disposition to selebrate the day, and therefore halted early and partook of a Sumptious Dinner of a fat saddle of venison and mush of cows"—the kowse root.

Crossing the mountain the party passed into Ross's Hole and camped on Camp Creek whence they

> went along [up] the creek for three miles, and leaving to the right the path by which we came last fall [from the Salmon River and the Shoshoni camp] pursued the road taken by the Ootlashoots, up a gentle ascent to the dividing mountain which separates the waters of the middle fork of Clark's River from those of Wisdom and Lewis's rivers.

After crossing the divide the party were *east* of the Continental Divide once more and on the headwaters of Wisdom, or Big Hole River.

It was a delightful experience for me, in 1899, to follow up this beautiful river valley with a wagon and camp outfit, to Ross's Hole and then on over the divide. There now exists a line of continuous, though in the upper valley somewhat sparse, settlement, clear to the foot of the divide. We camped one night in the angle formed by the Nez Percé and Ross's Fork branches, near where Captain Clark bivouacked on the night of July 4th, 1806. On Camp Creek, above Ross's Hole, on our return, the wagon broke down, within a short distance of where Clark slept on the night of July 5th. Mr. Waugh's comfortable log house stands not

far from where the old Indian trail crossed the mountain to Wisdom River, and the trail over which Lewis and Clark entered the valley in 1805, farther south, strikes the creek bottom a mile or two south from Waugh's.

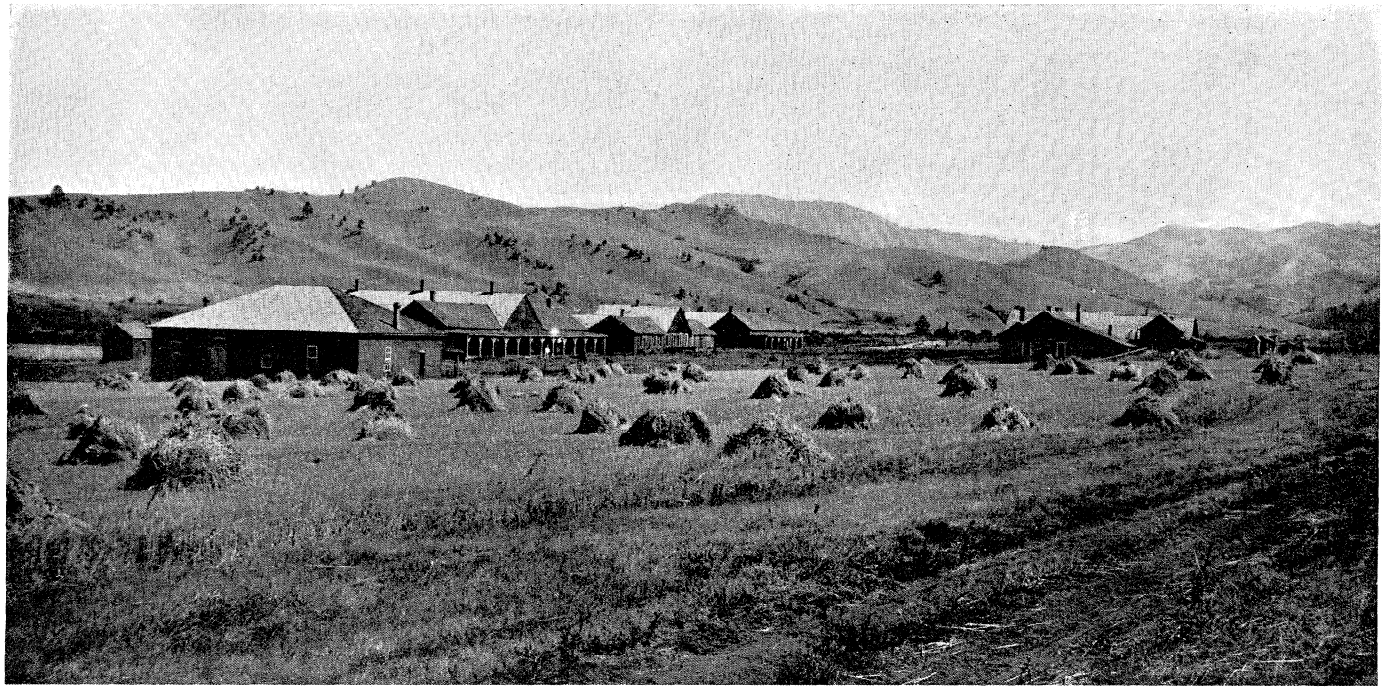
The "jintle slope" of Captain Clark over the mountain to Wisdom River strikes one as hardly expressing the situation. But contrasted with their trail over the range from which they had come, this characterization may be understood as a comparative one. The trail across the divide, which may have been somewhat changed in location since Captain Clark used it, was a characteristic one, broad and winding. At the summit, as is usual, it scattered into many parallel trails. At places it now forms a part of the wagon road. I rode some distance beyond the pass and found the descent on the east much more "jintle" than on the western side. The girdled and bark-stripped pine trees are a mute testimony to the former presence of the Indians, who habitually ate the delicate inner lining of the tree. This pass is the one now known and charted as Gibbon's Pass, but it should be called Clark's Pass, as the one on the divide between the Big Blackfoot and Dearborn rivers should be Lewis's Pass.

Now that the party has reached the Wisdom River country, Sacágawea again resumes the rôle of guide. Although the trail, to use an expression which we used to apply in such cases, "petred out," it made no difference to the Bird-woman. She

> recognized the plain immediately. She had traveled it often during her childhood, and informed us that it was the great resort of the Shoshonees, who came for the purpose of gathering quamash and cows [kowse], and of taking beaver, with which the plain abounded; and that . . . on reaching the higher part of the plain we should see a gap in the mountains, on the course to our canoes,

which prediction was soon verified.

The camp of July 6th was not far south from the spot



Old Fort Ellis, near Bozeman, Montana, showing distant view of the first ridge of the Bozeman Pass which Captain Clark crossed on July 15, 1806. Clark's camp, the night of July 14th, was at the right centre edge of the illustration.

where, on August 9, 1877, General Gibbon and Chief Joseph fought the battle of the Big Hole during the Nez Percé war. The battle was fought near and below the confluence of Trail and Pioneer, or Ruby, creeks. The battle can hardly be called other than a drawn battle. The soldiers and citizens under Gibbon were greatly outnumbered by the Indians, but the latter, taken completely by surprise when attacked, were at first driven in confusion. Rallying, they in turn forced Gibbon to abandon his position and to fight on the defensive. The Indians finally escaped, to be captured some weeks later in northern Montana.

There were slightly more than two hundred soldiers and citizens engaged in the fight, and the casualties on their part were heavy; Lieutenant J. H. Bradley, already mentioned in this work, was killed, and General Gibbon himself, wounded. A fine granite monument nearly ten feet high marks the spot where this conflict occurred, and the remains of the entrenchments that were then hastily thrown up are yet visible.

The party, upon leaving their camp at this place, soon reached Wisdom River and followed it to the western slopes of Bald Mountain. On the night of the 7th, having crossed the divide, they camped by some springs on the southern slope of Bald Mountain, and then, on July 8th, pursued a route which carried them down the western side of Willard's, or Grasshopper Creek to the present site of Bannack; here they veered to the south, where Willard's Creek enters the mountains, and soon reached Shoshone Cove and their *cache* of August, 1805. The journal, at this point, says:

> Most of the men were in the habit of chewing tobacco, and such was their eagerness to procure it after so long a privation that they scarcely took the saddles from their horses before they ran to the cave, and were delighted to be able to resume this fascinating indulgence. This was one of the severest privations

which we have encountered. Some of the men, whose tomahawks were so constructed as to answer the purpose of pipes, broke the handles of these instruments, and after cutting them into small fragments, chewed them, the wood having by frequent smoking become strongly impregnated with the taste of that plant.

Sergeant Ordway and four men, one of whom again was Shannon, had been left behind on the 7th to hunt for nine of their best horses which were missing. The search was successful and they rejoined the others on the 9th at the *cache*.

A road which Clark forecasted here may now be found just about on the trail that he used. This part of Montana is not thickly settled. It is hardly an agricultural section, and as water for irrigation is somewhat scarce over much of it, it will probably remain a grazing region, with mining as a side issue.

On July 10th, the party began their homeward journey *down* the Jefferson, and what a contrast this was to that slow, winding, wading, laborious, never-ending one *up* the stream of the year before!

[THURSDAY] JULY 10th. The boats were now loaded, and Captain Clark divided his men into two bands, one to descend the river with the baggage, while he, with the other, proceeded on horseback [en route] to the Rochejaune.

The two parties remained together as far as the Three Forks.

We now learn the Indian name for the Beaverhead Valley, which the expedition entered not long after having left their camp of the 10th. While the Indians undoubtedly pronounce this word "trippingly upon the tongue," it mates not well with the white man's vocal organs, but it may be read with impunity. The narrative records that, after passing Rattlesnake Mountain, the party entered

a beautiful and extensive country, known among the Indians by the name of Hahnahappapchah, or Beaverhead Valley, from

the number of those animals to be found in it, and also from a point of land resembling the head of a beaver. It extends from the Rattlesnake Mountain as low as Frazier's Creek, and is about fifty miles in length in a direct line, while its width varies from ten to fifteen miles, being watered in its whole course by the Jefferson and six different creeks. The valley is open and fertile, and besides the innumerable quantities of beaver and otter with which its creeks are supplied, the bushes of the low grounds are a favourite resort for deer, while on the higher parts of the valley are seen scattered groups of antelopes, and still farther, on the steep sides of the mountains, we observed many of the bighorn, which take refuge there from the wolves and bears.

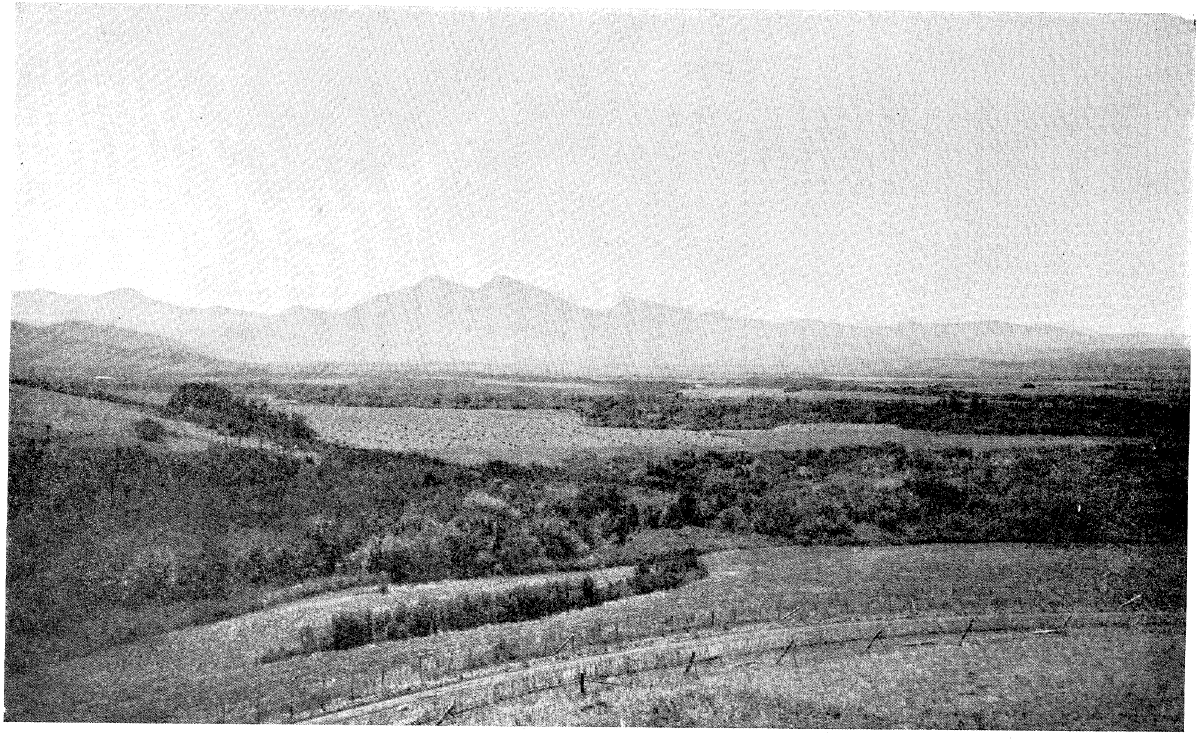
After dinner, Clark, seeing that the canoes advanced more rapidly than he did with the horses, changed his plan and placed Pryor with six men in charge of the fifty horses, while he embarked in a canoe.

On July 11th, they passed the Beaver's-head and the mouth of Wisdom River, and at the latter point they pulled the nails from the canoe *cached* there the year before, and made paddles from the good timber found in "the sides of it." There was game in abundance both large and small, and no short rations were dealt out now.

Reference having previously been made to the subsequent value of this magnificent valley as a beaver country, the following sentence in the journal is of special interest: "The beaver, too, were in great quantities along the banks of the rivers, and through the night were flapping their tails in the water round the boats."

At noon on Sunday, July 13th, the party reached the junction of the Madison and Jefferson rivers, Pryor, with the horses, beating Clark with the canoes to that point by an hour.

No time was lost here, for on the day of arrival Ordway and nine men, with the six boats, started down the Missouri to the Great Falls, to effect a junction with Captain Lewis,



Upper Gallatin Valley, Montana, the Gallatin Range in Background. The camp of Captain Clark, on July 14, 1806, was in the centre foreground among the brush.

which, as we have seen, was successfully accomplished. Captain Clark and the remainder, eleven men, the squaw and her child, together with fifty horses, moved eastward. Captain Clark now once more strikes out eastward into the unknown, following the clear, rapid running, beautiful Gallatin River. Once more, too, Sacágawea proves herself invaluable. In this locality she could orient herself wherever she might be, and she unerringly pointed out the right direction and the pass to be taken, which was at the headwaters of the East Gallatin River. There are three passes here, the Flathead, the Bridger, and the Bozeman, and the one taken was the southernmost one, the Bozeman, which Clark should have named then and there in honor of Sacágawea.

Ordway's journal being lost, we have no record of his trip from the Three Forks to Whitebear Islands, and this is the only portion of the route passed over by any part of the expedition of which this can be said.

Just at this time, July 13th, no two of the sergeants are together. Gass is with Lewis at Whitebear Islands, where they have this very day formed their camp; Ordway, in command of the canoe flotilla, is en route from Three Forks to the same point, and Pryor is with Captain Clark, probably, as he has been before, in special charge of the horses.

The composition of the three parties of the expedition as they stood at this moment is deserving of passing mention. The drafting of the men was on equitable lines, in all respects. Lewis's party, as we know, consisted of ten men; himself, Gass, the two Fieldses, Drewyer, Werner, Frazier, M'Neal, Thompson, and Goodrich. Clark had with him Pryor, Shields, Shannon, Bratton, Chaboneau, Windsor, Gibson, Hall, York, Labiche, and Sacágawea, the latter worth, perhaps, two men, just at this time. Ordway had a fine

body of men consisting of Colter, Collins, Cruzatte, Howard, Potts, Lepage, Willard, Whitehouse, and Wiser.

At five o'clock P.M. on July 13th, Captain Clark and his party set out from the Three Forks for the Yellowstone River. They halted for the night right where the town of Logan, an important rai way junction point in the Gallatin Valley, is now found.

Leaving this camp, Clark forded the stream and followed the Gallatin Valley southeasterly, probably, at many places, along the very route where the railway now runs. The party recrossed the main, or West Gallatin River, to the north side near the present site of Central Park, and at the crossing of Bozeman Creek near Bozeman, they "struck an old buffalow road the one our Indn woman meant," which they followed for two miles, forded the East Gallatin, evidently not far from where the highway now crosses it, went on for another mile and, on the evening of July 14th, "camped on a small branch of the middle [East Gallatin] fork on the N. E. side at the commencement of the gap of the mountains."

Dr. Coues supposed this camp to be at the mouth of Rocky Cañon, and that the route of the expedition across the range led through that cañon. This gorge, well named Rocky, is the one through which the railway passes, but it is *not* the one used by Captain Clark.

Dr. Coues, after the publication of his work on Lewis and Clark, when visiting Bozeman and after being driven by Mr. Peter Koch to the spot where Clark unquestionably did camp, saw the situation at a glance and revised his opinion. In the copy of this work owned by Mr. Koch, I have seen the correction of this error in the handwriting of Dr. Coues himself.

The spot, to which Mr. Koch also guided me, was just beyond old Fort Ellis, but across the East Gallatin, at the mouth of a small, semicircular, or crescentic cañon through

which the trail ran and reached the divide north of Rocky Cañon. It was and is a low, easy, natural pass, and the Southern word *gap* used by Clark expresses its character precisely. This cañon, or gap, is entirely unlike Rocky Cañon. There are no rocks, the hills are rather low and the sides smooth, turfed, and at the higher parts lightly timbered. About two miles from Clark's camp the first divide, or ridge, of the pass is found, then there follows a quite deep depression, succeeded by a long, easy slope and acclivity, to the second and final ridge to the east and on the farther side of which the waters run to the Yellowstone. The drainage between the two divides finds its way into the Gallatin through Rocky Cañon.

Two well-known frontiersmen in the early days of Montana were James Bridger and John M. Bozeman. Bridger was a typical mountaineer and plainsman and an old fur trader noted for his great yarns, and no better guide, over a large part of the West, could be found. He served as guide to many expeditions to Montana and the West, both military and civilian, was a noted man in his day of the Boone and Carson stamp, lived to a ripe age, and passed away at Washington, Mo., in 1881.

Bozeman went to Montana early in the sixties and, in 1864, led a large train into Montana from Missouri. Bridger at the same time was conducting another train to the same region, though by a different route, and there was great rivalry between the two outfits. Bozeman traversed what has since been known as the Bozeman Pass, into the Gallatin Valley, and Bridger entered the valley *via* Bridger Creek. The route and pass which Bozeman followed were those used by Captain Clark in 1806, and it became a well-known thoroughfare, following practically the old Indian and "buffalow road," and it was in constant use until the construction of the Northern Pacific Railway supplanted it.

The Main Bozeman Pass, the Road—Successor of the Old Trail,—and Northern Pacific Railway Tunnel. Captain Clark was here on July 15, 1806.

The entrances to the valley used by these two frontiersmen are within a few miles of each other, the one used by Bridger being to the north of the other. In 1867, Bozeman was killed by the Blackfeet Indians in the Upper Yellowstone Valley. The names of both these men are perpetuated by Bridger Creek, Bridger Mountains, Bridger Pass, and Bridger Peak; and by Bozeman Pass, Bozeman Creek, and the city of Bozeman, all in and about the Gallatin Valley.

Bozeman Pass—which should have been Sacágawea Pass—is supposed to be the one by which John Colter made his way across the mountains to Lisa's Fort on the Big Horn River after his escape from the Blackfeet at the time that Potts was killed.

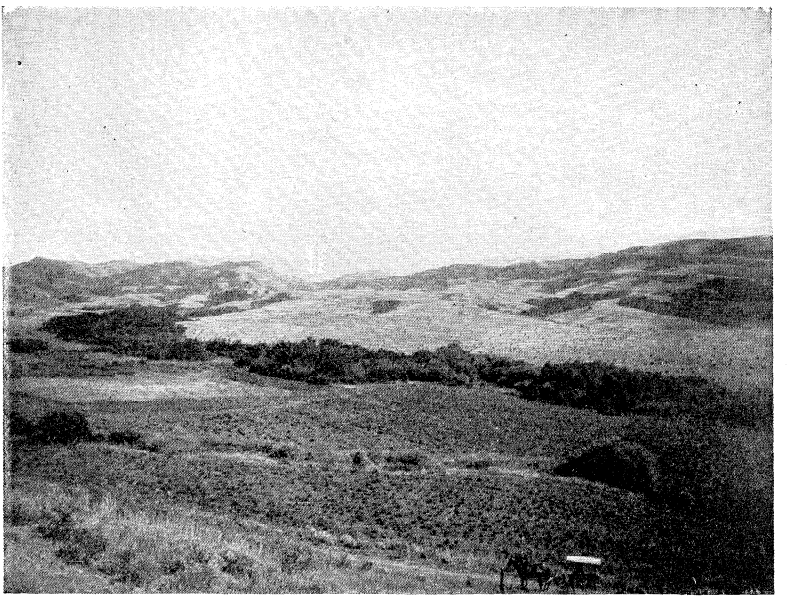
In 1902, I drove across this pass from Bozeman, in company with L. S. Storrs, then of Bozeman, now of St. Paul, and F. M. Ingalls, a landscape photographer from Missoula. The trail and road are things of the past. The former can be seen here and there, where deeply fissured, first by constant travel, later by running water after heavy rains; the latter is more plainly marked, but its washed-out condition at many places and a decayed bridge or two show that time is rapidly obliterating it.

At the summit of the second and dividing ridge—going eastward—trail, road, and the railway come together, and underneath the old trail over which Sacágawea piloted her chieftain in 1806, the railway tunnel now extends, and hundreds of thousands of people are carried through it each year with no thought of the historic interest that attaches to the spot. The elevation of this tunnel above the sea level is 5565 feet, and it is the highest of three passes across the Rockies on the main line of railway; the Pipestone Pass on the Butte line is, however, a few hundred feet higher.

The Bozeman Pass itself is but slightly higher than the tunnel. This pass, made historic by the Bird-woman and

Captain Clark, has borne an important part in the upbuilding of Montana, and I quote a paragraph from an address by Mr. Koch anent the old "gap," taken from *Contributions*, Montana Historical Society, vol. ii.

I know the Bozeman Pass well. I have toiled over it through the deep snows of winter and the bottomless mire of spring. I



The First "Dividing Ridge," or "Gap," of the Bozeman Pass, Montana, across which Captain Clark Passed on July 15, 1806.

have crossed it when dressed in all colors of the rainbow by its matchless flowers, or when ablaze with the russet and gold of its autumn woods. But I have never done so without feeling my heart stirred with the memories called up by the surroundings. Riding along the trail, the image would rise before me of Clark and his men reaching the summit and getting their first glimpse of the glorious Yellowstone Alps, and the glistening waters of the river; or of Colter, toiling over the trail, naked, weary, hungry, and yet with indomitable energy keeping on his

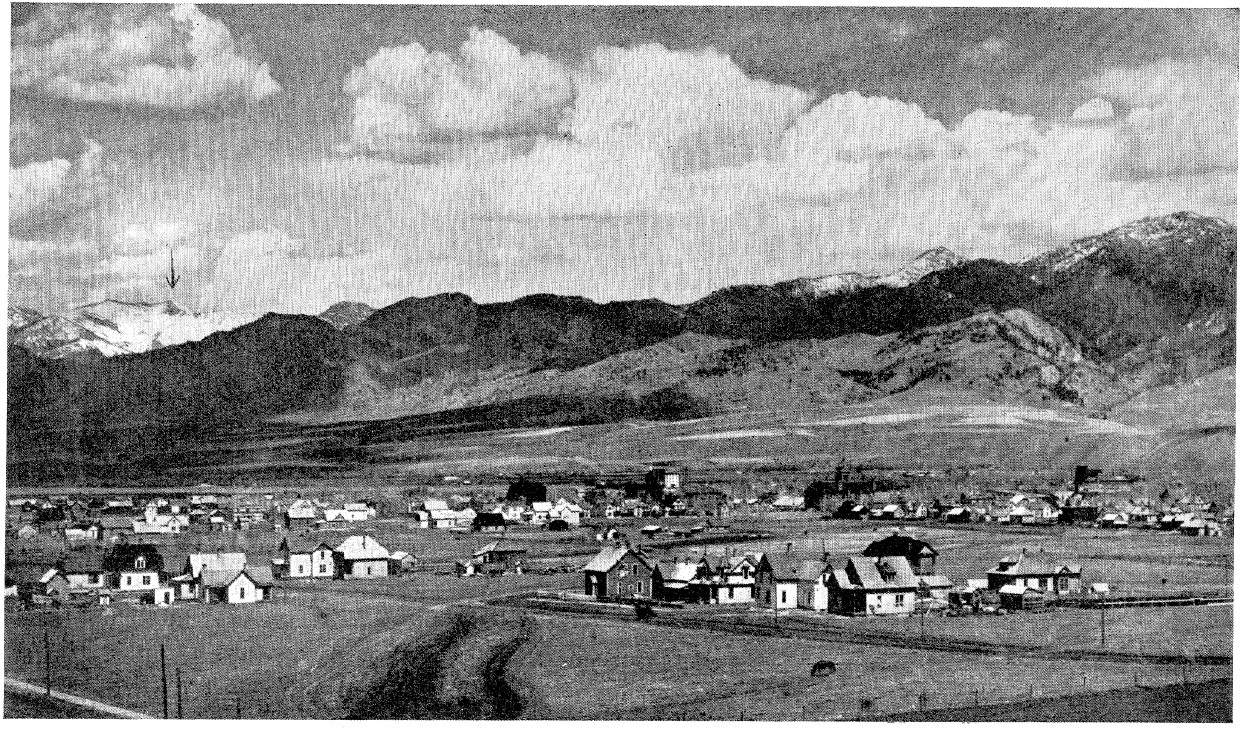
almost hopeless way; or of the gay cavalcade of the trappers, careless and reckless of present and future danger, making their way to the hunting grounds; or of the lowly and silent hunter, left alone of all his gay company, but still clinging to his beloved mountains; or of the weary, travel-worn emigrant train, slowly toiling up the "big hill," from the summit of which they might look into the promised land. But now the images crowd too rapidly. Scarcely a grove, scarcely a point of rocks which has not its history. This pass has been bloody ground, but the blood which has sunk into its soil has helped to build up Montana.

The Gallatin Valley is hemmed in on the northeast by the fine range of the Bridger Mountains, one of the prominent peaks of which is Sacágawea Peak, already mentioned. On the east and south rises the glorious Gallatin Range. The latter is a specially fine range, with high, strongly marked peaks more or less covered with snow the year round. The highest peak in Montana lies in this range, and on the other side of the range lies the Yellowstone Park.

The general elevation of the Gallatin Valley is about 4500 feet, and its shape is a vague oblong. The principal towns are Logan, Manhattan, Belgrade, and Bozeman, the latter having a population of about four thousand and being the county seat of Gallatin County.

The great fertility of this valley is well known, especially in the far Northwest. While the forage crops thrive well and the cereals also, barley seems to be the cereal *par excellence*, at least in certain portions of the valley. It yields on an average more than fifty bushels per acre, and is of such superior quality that large quantities of it are exported to Europe.

Along the banks of the Gallatin River from Bozeman to the junction of the Three Forks of the Missouri, there are wide, level bottom lands. Above these come fertile bench lands, which gradually slope upward to the acclivities of the Bridger and Gallatin ranges.



332 *Bozeman, Montana, and the Bridger Range, Showing Sacágawea Peak, at the Extreme Left and Snow-covered.*

The valley aggregates about one thousand square miles and irrigation is necessary on the bottom lands, but not on the bench lands. The supply of water from the mountains—the Gallatin and Bridger ranges—is almost unlimited, and will be entirely so when storage reservoirs shall have been constructed.

The West Gallatin River has an estimated discharge of from 125,000 to 250,000 miner's inches of water per second, depending upon the season. The valley was once the bed of a vast lake, which accounts for its great fertility.

As with the entire region about the Three Forks, the Gallatin Valley appears to have been a part of that debatable ground, common to every section of our land in its frontier days, where the tribes struggled for the mastery. Here the Blackfeet, the Bannocks, the Nez Percés, the Crows, the Salish, the Shoshoni, and others met in bloody warfare. In time this ceased, the Indians that were left were placed upon reservations, white settlers poured in, and peace and prosperity were found within its borders.

An interesting feature by way of contrast is the fact that the Montana Agricultural College and Experiment Station is located at Bozeman, and the peaceful pursuits of agriculture are now taught on the very ground over which the red men raced and whooped in bloody foray, even in comparatively recent times.

The mountains about Bozeman Pass are rich in deposits of bituminous coal, which is mined in large quantities.

On Tuesday, July 15th, Captain Clark and his men started to cross the divide between the Gallatin and Yellowstone valleys,

> and at the distance of six miles reached the top of the dividing ridge [Bozeman Pass] which separates the waters of the Missouri and of the Yellowstone; and on descending the ridge, they struck one of the streams [Billman Creek] of

the latter river. . . . Nine miles from the top of the ridge they reached the Yellowstone itself, about a mile and a half below where it issues from the Rocky Mountains. It now appeared that the communication between the two rivers was short and easy. From the head of the Missouri at its three forks to this place is a distance of forty-eight miles, the greater part of which is through a level plain; indeed, from the forks of the eastern branch of Gallatin's River [near Bozeman], which is there navigable for small canoes, to this part of the Yellowstone, the distance is no more than eighteen miles, with an excellent road over a high, dry country, with hills of inconsiderable height and no difficulty in passing.

In the distances given, Captain Clark in these instances underestimates. He came upon the Yellowstone River at its exit from Paradise Valley, known as the Gate of the Mountains (but not, of course, the cañon by that name heretofore mentioned), just above Livingston. The distance by railway between the Three Forks and Livingston is fifty-four miles, and between Bozeman and Livingston it is twenty-five miles, and Clark travelled essentially the same route.

At this point Captain Clark and his party were on the borders of the great Yellowstone Park Wonderland, but were entirely ignorant of that fact. It would be interesting to know what Clark would have done had he had an inkling that just south of where he halted for three hours to rest the horses, at noon on July 15, 1806, there was to be found on the Yellowstone and its head streams the wonderful, unique land that the world now knows as Yellowstone National Park.

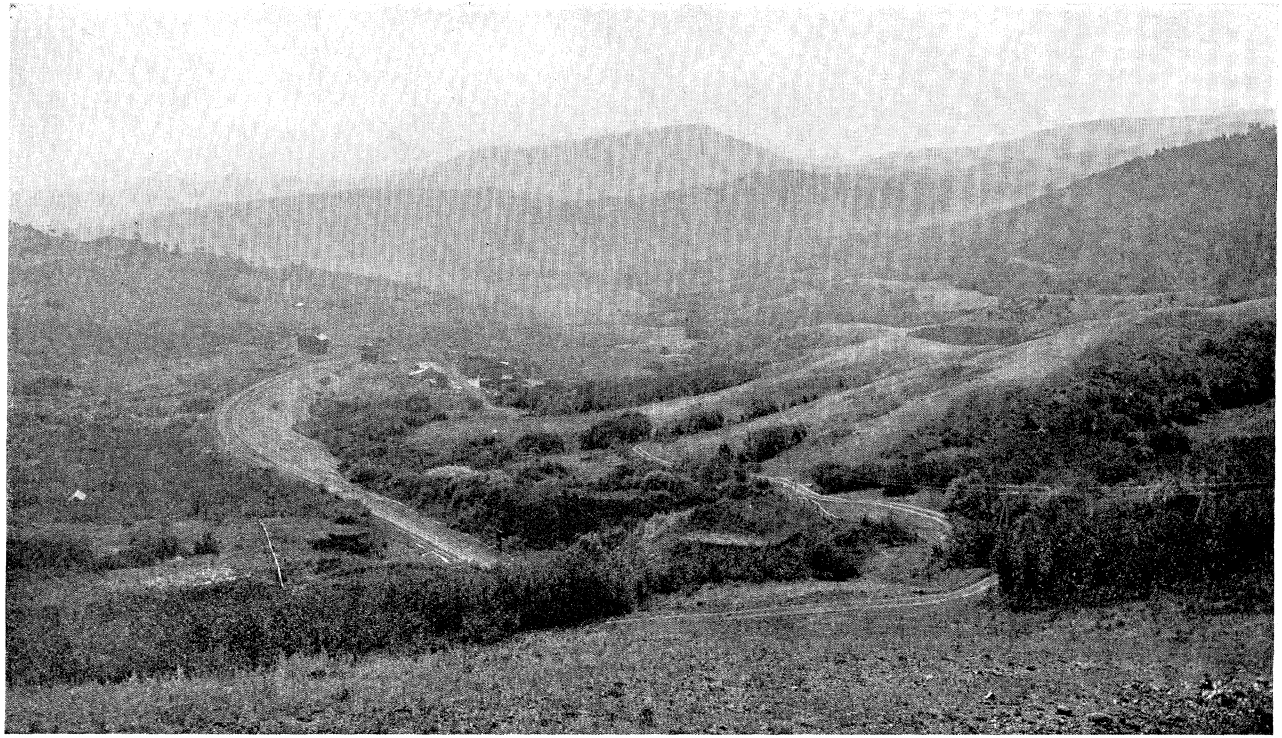
Among all the discoveries of Lewis and Clark they found nothing like this marvellous region of hot springs, waterfalls, geysers, paint pots, cliffs of obsidian, mountains of sulphur, spectacular cañons, and the like. Had Clark met an Indian who could have given him any idea of that mysterious region, the vent spot of the under world, doubtless he would have sent two or three men down the river in a bull-boat to await

Lewis at the mouth of the Yellowstone and hold him there, while he made a side trip up the river for an expedition through wonderland! Could such a discovery have been added to their category, what laurels might not have been theirs! True, in after-years when stories began to be bruited about that such a weird land lay among the mountains, they were disbelieved, but had Lewis and Clark announced such a discovery the statement would have carried its own conviction.

It is a matter for congratulation, however, that Clark did not learn of that wonderful land, and that he did not discover Yellowstone Park. Had either of these things happened we would probably have no park, as such, to-day. A hundred, or even fifty years ago, we would not have appreciated the possibilities and advantages of making such a spot into a National Park, and had its weird possessions then been made known, the region would have been despoiled, probably, so far as it could have been, of its pristine wonders and grandeur. This state of affairs was narrowly averted even in 1869–70, when the public learned the reality of its existence.

The river and valley down which Captain Clark directed his course after his three hours' halt on that July day in 1806 has been an important one in Northwestern history, and this, entirely aside from its relation to Yellowstone Park. The river is one of our largest streams, it drains an enormous area of country, has important affluents, and it has but recently been diverted to that purpose which in the future will be its great work—irrigation.

The Yellowstone River rises, mainly, in and south of the Yellowstone Park, its extreme sources coming from a region where are also born the rills and creeks which form the Lewis, or Snake; the Green, or Colorado; and the Wind, or Big Horn rivers. The Yellowstone flows through the



Looking East toward Yellowstone River and the Snowy Range, from Bozeman Pass and Tunnel. Captain Clark passed down the valley on July 15, 1806.

beautiful Yellowstone Lake, which is one of the two or three highest navigated lakes in the world, being 7721 feet above sea level, and, after a continuous northern course for about one hundred and fifty miles, at the very point where Captain Clark struck the stream, the Great Bend of the Yellowstone, it wheels toward the east. It holds that course, in a general sense, for a hundred miles, when it swings slowly but surely to the northeast for three hundred miles or more, and then mingles its waters with the Missouri.

A peculiar feature of the Yellowstone is the fact that all of its tributaries of consequence come from the south side. There is not one stream of importance flowing into it from the north. From the south come the Clark's Fork, the Big Horn, Tongue, and Powder rivers, and several others nearly as large.

The country drained by the Yellowstone was an important one to the Indians. It was the roving and hunting ground of the Crows, principally, but other tribes, notably the Sioux and Cheyennes, roamed over the region later. It was a favorite ground for Sitting Bull and his copper-colored legions, in their day.

The bottom lands of this river are as level as a floor, and vary in width from one to five or more miles. The bench, or elevated, lands stretching back from the stream are of wide extent, and were formerly pasture grounds for great herds of bison, and were more recently, and now are, the home of large herds of cattle and flocks of sheep. As settlement rapidly progresses, these upland ranges are being taken up by individuals and companies, and the old-style method of indiscriminate ranging is gradually becoming a thing of the past.

Irrigation is rapidly being expanded in the Yellowstone Valley, and this valley is peculiarly adapted to its successful operation. Canals on a large scale are being constructed

to irrigate wide areas of land. Alfalfa is a forage crop that thrives there, and there is no reason why the entire Yellowstone Valley may not one day be one continuous alfalfa field, and this region supply beef and mutton in quantities now almost impossible of computation. Fruits likewise seem to find a home here.

From Livingston to Glendive, a distance of 341 miles, the Northern Pacific Railway follows the banks and bottom lands of the Yellowstone River, crossing the stream twice, near Livingston and Billings; at Livingston the branch line for Yellowstone Park diverges and follows the left bank of the Yellowstone south through Paradise Valley directly to the northern boundary of the park at Gardiner, five miles from Mammoth Hot Springs.

Leaving the vicinity of Livingston, Captain Clark travelled down the left bank of the river, making note of the Crazy Mountains to the north and the Snowy Range near Livingston, which, he states, "still retain great quantities of snow." As often as I have seen these mountains, it is rare indeed that they are not strongly snow-flecked, especially the Crazy Mountains. The latter range is, as Captain Clark states, about twenty miles distant from the Yellowstone, and its snow-tipped peaks always form a very pleasing sight. Nine miles—an over-estimate—below their nooning camp they named a river coming in from the Northwest, after Shields, and this is one of the few streams that has retained the name bestowed upon it by Lewis and Clark. It was up this stream that Bridger led his party, in 1864.

Clark's progress down the river was steady, but the feet of the horses were worn down to the quick and it was necessary to "make a sort of moccasin of green buffaloe skin" to relieve them. The Captain was anxious to find timber suitable for canoes, but thus far none had appeared.

On the 16th the party passed the mouth of a small stream

on which, and two miles from its mouth, are Hunters' Hot Springs, now well known throughout the Northwest.

Clark still maintained the custom of naming many of the creeks after his men. To such an extent was this practice carried that, at least, some of the men were thus honored two or three times during the progress of the expedition. Some of his nomenclature along the Yellowstone was striking and original, but not likely to live.

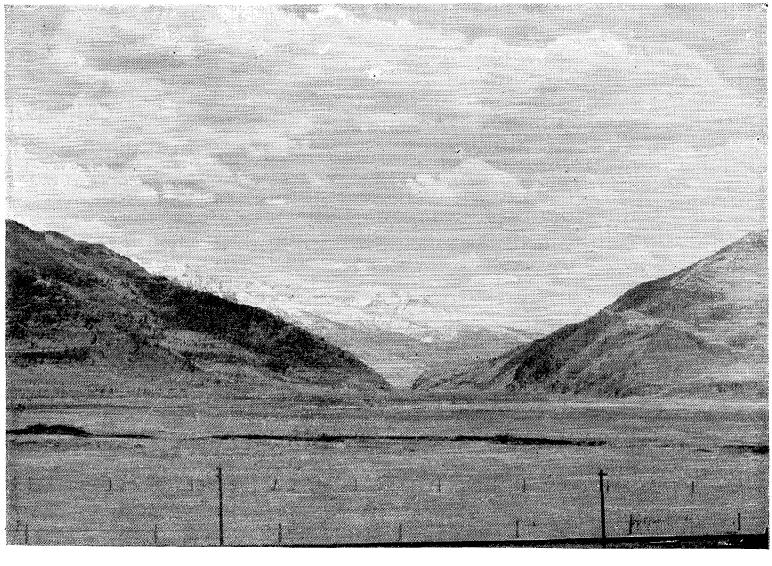
On July 17th, after a night of heavy rain which thoroughly drenched them, they passed the site of Big Timber, and, a short distance below, came to two streams flowing into the Yellowstone immediately opposite each other. These Clark called "Rivers-across." He gave no other names to them, and while this was a fanciful and original conceit, and one that would call attention to them and thus serve well to identify them, in the nature of things the name would not be apt to pass into practical use. Another such name was Stinking Cabin Creek.

The north side stream of "Rivers-across" is now Big Timber Creek, and the other is Boulder River. Bridger Creek, below these streams about fifteen miles, was named Bratton's River. This was the second river named for Bratton in what is now Montana, and the first one, on the north side of the Missouri, is almost opposite the one on the Yellowstone, longitudinally. Upper Deer Creek was named by Clark "Thy Snag'd"—Thigh Snagged— Creek, because Gibson, in mounting his horse after shooting a deer, "fell on a Snag and runt [ran] it nearly two inches into the muskeler [muscular] part of his thy [thigh]". This accident was a very painful one for Gibson, but he really recovered quite rapidly. They made a litter and placed it on the "gentlest and strongest horse" so that Gibson rode with as much comfort as was possible under the circumstances.

The elk and deer were seen in large numbers along the

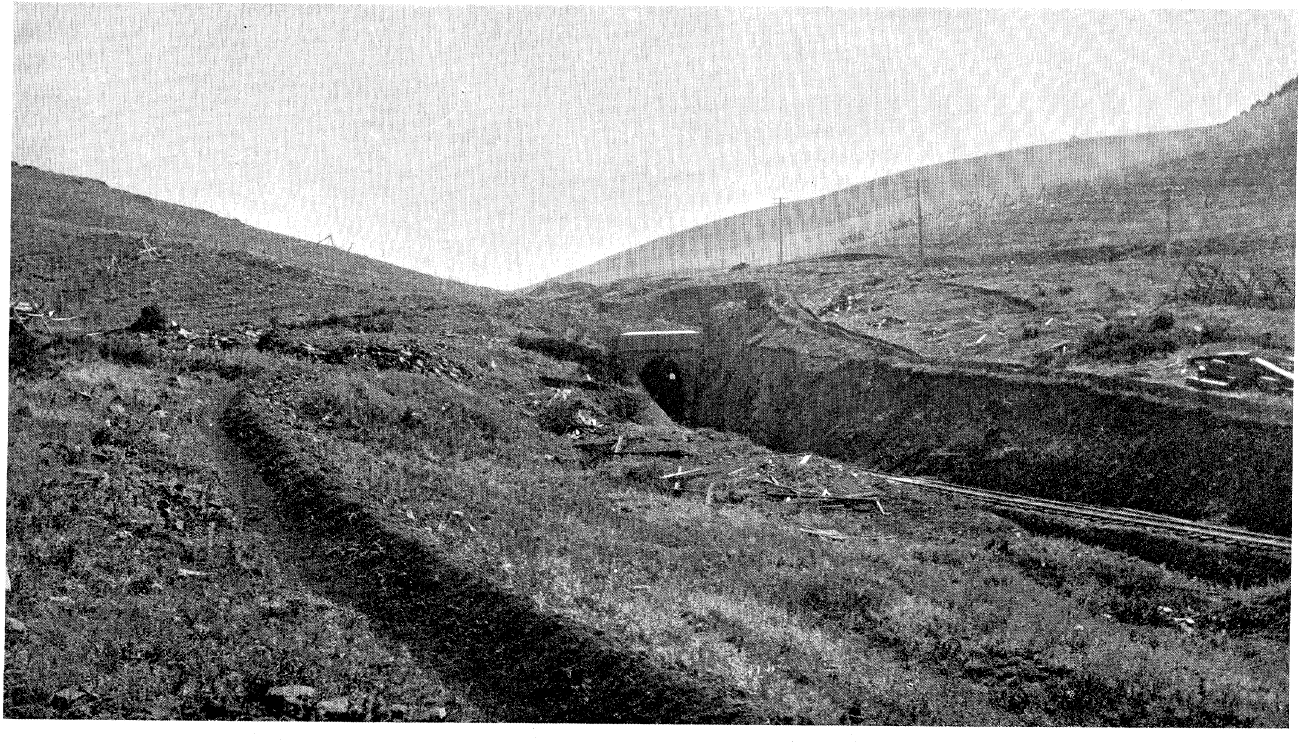
river in this vicinity, and the buffalo were beginning to appear, but hunting was difficult, as the horses' feet were in such bad condition that for purposes of that sort they were almost useless. Still, they managed to get enough fresh meat to have full rations each day.

Gibson's wound finally became so painful owing to his



The Gate of the Mountains, at Livingston, Montana. The Yellowstone River flows through the gap, from Yellowstone Park, and Captain Clark's noon camp of July 15, 1806, was within the limits of the illustration.

constricted position when on horseback, and to the jolting, that it was next to impossible for him to ride; it therefore became necessary to search for timber large enough for building canoes. On the 19th, therefore, leaving Gibson, with two men, to rest under the shade of a tree until he could again go forward, Clark set out to hunt for trees. He discovered some which, though small, he thought might answer,



Bozeman Pass and Railway Tunnel, from the East.

and, though the entire region was carefully scoured for the purpose, these were the only ones found that were available.

Clark's estimated distances along this part of the river seem to indicate an inordinate desire to reach home. They are so out of proportion to the real distances as to make it difficult to locate his camps with certainty, and the narrative leaves out details which now and then might assist in this important work. Thwaites's edition of Lewis and Clark will prove a most valuable acquisition in this respect.

I have made special effort to locate correctly this particular camp, which Dr. Coues appropriately enough called Camp Cottonwood, and which Clark says was "opposit" certain "black bluffs." The United States Geological Survey contour map, "Still water Sheet," plainly shows these bluffs, though not by name. They rise on the north bank of the river and just back of Rapids station on the railway and they extend from the east end of the railway switch to Hensley Creek, a distance of about three miles. They still bear the name of "Black Bluffs." These bluffs are not of rock, and they derived their name from the fact that they were formerly so heavily timbered that their general appearance was sombre, or "black." They are now virtually denuded of trees.

Clark makes this camp sixteen miles below the mouth of the Itchkeppearja, or Rose River, now the Stillwater, evidently, and twenty-nine miles above the mouth of the Clark Fork of the Yellowstone, which is simply impossible because the distances overlap. It is not unlikely that Clark's *sixteen* miles should be *six*, which would place the camp six miles below the Stillwater River and near the upper end of the bluffs. The Stillwater River may have shifted its position somewhat since Clark camped there.

The party found some old Indian entrenchments along the river, which were

built in the form of a circle, about fifty feet in diameter, five feet high, and formed of logs lapping over each other, and covered on the outside with bark set up on end . . . These intrenchments, the squaw [Sacágawea] informs us, are frequently made by the Minnetarees and other Indians at war with the Shoshonees when pursued by their enemies on horseback.

On July 18th, "a smoke was descried to the S. S. E. towards the termination of the Rocky Mountains, intended most probably as a signal by the Crow Indians." This, or rather another smoke, was seen again on the 19th and an Indian "on the highlands on the opposite side of the river" was observed.

After searching thoroughly for better trees,

Captain Clark determined, therefore, to make two canoes, which being lashed together might be sufficient to convey the party down the river, while a few men might lead the horses to the Mandan nation. Three axes were now sharpened with a file, and some of the men proceeded to cut down two of the largest trees, on which they worked till night. . . . The horses being much fatigued, they were turned out to rest for a few days; but in the morning,

MONDAY, JULY 21st, twenty-four of them were missing. Three hunters were sent in different directions to look for them; but all returned unsuccessful, and it now seemed probable that the Indians who had made the smoke a few days since had stolen the horses.

On the 22d and 23d the search for the horses was continued.

At length Labiche, who is one of the best trackers, returned from a very wide circuit and informed Captain Clark that he had traced the tracks of the horses, which were bending their course rather down the river towards the open plains, and, from the track, going very rapidly. All hopes of recovering them were now abandoned. . . .

At noon the two canoes were finished. They are twenty-eight feet long, sixteen or eighteen inches deep, and from sixteen to twenty-four inches wide, and being lashed together, everything was prepared for setting out to-morrow, Gibson having now recovered

The bluffs of the Yellowstone in this neighborhood are composed of a beautiful, soft gray stone which is much used for buildings in Columbus, Billings, and at other points.

The large Billings irrigation canal mentioned has transformed a wide area of the Yellowstone bottom lands into productive alfalfa meadows and pastures, and during the winter hundreds of thousands of sheep are now fed and fattened in the valley round about Billings.

On July 24th the entire party again set out, Sergeant Pryor with Shannon and Windsor going overland with the horses, and Clark and the others sweeping down stream in "the little flotilla."

The river party to-day passed the mouth of Clark's Fork, which they at first supposed to be the Big Horn. This stream is one of the larger tributaries of the Yellowstone, its remoter headwaters rising in the mountains just east of the northeastern corner of Yellowstone Park, in a wild, most picturesque, and little-known region. The valleys of the main stream and of its principal tributary, Rocky Fork, show the effects of irrigation in reclaiming apparently valueless areas. At Red Lodge, on the Rocky Fork, and reached by a branch line of railway from Laurel, there are now very extensive coal mines. The mountains here are underlaid with large bodies of good merchantable coal, which is extensively mined and used throughout Montana.

The country between the Yellowstone and Clark's Fork was said by Clark to be an exceptional beaver country, and the junction of these streams was suggested as being a suitable place for a trading post.

Passing the future site of Billings, the flotilla skirted the northern boundary of the present Crow Indian Reservation, which formerly extended much farther west. This reservation is an exceptionally fine one, and while the Crows may not possess such admirable traits as, for example, their next-

door neighbors on the east, the Northern Cheyennes, who may be regarded as the aristocrats of the plains and who are a noble tribe of Indians, yet they deserve great credit for the splendid system of irrigation canals, costing hundreds of thousands of dollars, which they have constructed with

A Crow—Absaroka—Squaw and her Daughters. The White Ornaments are of Elk Teeth.

their own money and by their own labor, superintended, of course, by a competent white engineer.

Those who have seen much of the Crow Reservation will be inclined to think that Arapooish, in his dissertation on his country to Robert Campbell, given by Irving in *Adventures of Captain Bonneville*, did not over state the case, even though his country then embraced a much wider range than now.

The Crow country [said he] is a good country The Great Spirit has put it exactly in the right place; while you are in it you fare well; whenever you go out of it, whichever way you travel, you fare worse.

If you go to the south you have to wander over great barren plains; the water is warm and bad, and you meet the fever and ague.

To the north it is cold; the winters are long and bitter, with no grass; you cannot keep horses there, but must travel with dogs. What is a country without horses?

On the Columbia they are poor and dirty, paddle about in canoes, and eat fish. Their teeth are worn out; they are always taking fish-bones out of their mouths. Fish is poor food.

To the east, they dwell in villages; they live well; but they drink the muddy water of the Missouri—that is bad. A Crow's dog would not drink such water.

About the forks of the Missouri is a fine country; good water; good grass; plenty of buffalo. In summer, it is almost as good as the Crow country; but in winter it is cold; the grass is gone; and there is no salt weed for the horses.

The Crow country is exactly in the right place. It has snowy mountains and sunny plains; all kinds of climates and good things for every season. When the summer heats scorch the prairies, you can draw up under the mountains, where the air is sweet and cool, the grass fresh, and the bright streams come tumbling out of the snow-banks. There you can hunt the elk, the deer and the antelope, when their skins are fit for dressing; there you will find plenty of white bears and mountain sheep.

In the autumn, when your horses are fat and strong from the mountain pastures, you can go down into the plains and hunt the buffalo, or trap beaver on the streams. And when winter comes on, you can take shelter in the woody bottoms along the rivers; there you will find buffalo meat for yourselves and cotton-wood bark for your horses; or you may winter in the Wind River valley, where there is salt weed in abundance.

The Crow country is exactly in the right place. Everything good is to be found there. There is no country like the Crow country.

At the mouth of a Creek to which they gave the name Horse Creek, because they there crossed the horses over the Yellowstone, Clark overtook Pryor with the horses. The Sergeant had had a difficult job of it with his string of ponies.

He had found it almost impossible, with two men, to drive on the remaining horses, for so soon as they discovered a herd of buffalo the loose horses, having been trained by the Indians to hunt, immediately set off in pursuit of them, and surrounded the buffalo herd with almost as much skill as their riders could have done. At last he was obliged to send one horseman forward and drive all the buffaloe from the route. The horses were here driven across, and Sergeant Pryor again proceeded with an additional man to his party.

This man was Hall, who could n't swim, and who consequently preferred travelling by land. Hall, though, was poorly clad for such a jaunt, and he called the Captain's attention to the fact that

he was necked [naked] I gave him one of my two remaining shirts a par of Leather Legins and 3 pr. of mockersons which equipt him completely and sent him on with the party by land to the Mandans.

This crossing point seems to have been near the place where the railway bridge now spans the river just below Billings.

This was the last that Clark saw of Pryor and his men until the latter rejoined the former below the mouth of the Yellowstone after a time of misfortune.

On the night of the 24th, Clark camped half a mile below a river which they called Pryor's River. This is a good-sized stream which flows northeastwardly along the western edge of the Crow Reservation, and it debouches into the Yellowstone below Huntley, a small railway station and the junction of the Northern Pacific and the Burlington system of railways. This stream is now charted as Pryor's Fork, and is another of the few names given by the expedition that has been retained. The explorers were more fortunate in their nomenclature along the Yellowstone than at some other places. As we have seen, Shields's River, Clark's Fork,

and Pryor's Fork retain their original names, and we are about to find another instance of this at Pompey's Pillar.

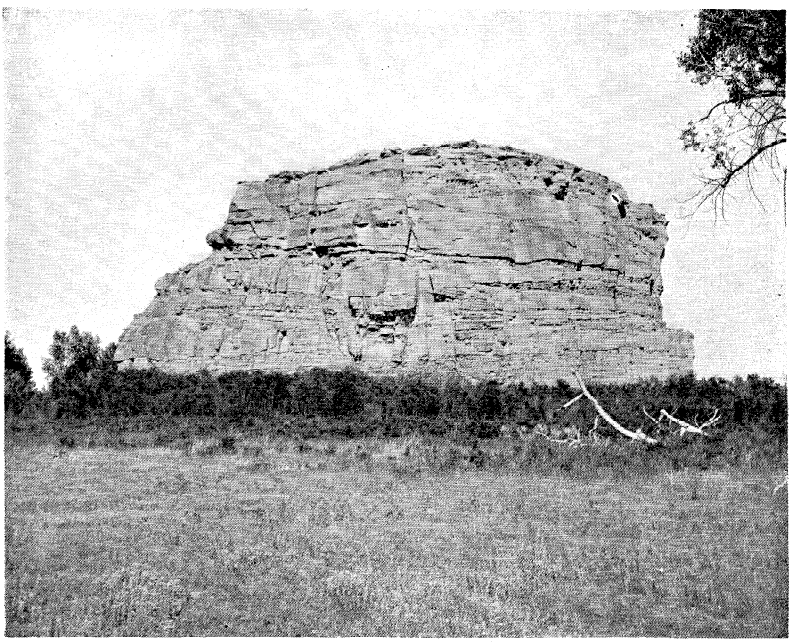
At sunrise, July 25th, the journey was resumed, in the dugouts, and these home-made affairs made good time too. Clark's codex notes with care nearly all the creeks and points of interest passed, but Biddle or Allen, for some reason, curtailed the notes to an amazing degree in publishing the work. At some time during the day the party were overtaken by a severe storm.

> As soon as it ceased they proceeded; and about four o'clock after having made forty-nine miles, Captain Clark landed to examine a very remarkable rock situated in an extensive bottom on the right, about two hundred and fifty paces from the shore. It is nearly four hundred paces in circumference, two hundred feet high, and accessible only from the northeast, the other sides being a perpendicular cliff of a light-colored, gritty rock. The soil on the top is five or six feet deep, of good quality, and covered with short grass. The Indians have carved the figures of animals and other objects on the sides of the rock, and on the top are raised two piles of stones. . . . After enjoying the prospect from this rock, to which Captain Clark gave the name of Pompey's Pillar, he descended and continued his course.

As to the mountains that Clark states he saw from Pompey's Pillar, the editions of Biddle, Coues, and McVickar differ among themselves in giving the record, and I therefore print Clark's description *verbatim*, from Codex M.

> From the top of this Tower [the Pillar] I could discover two low mountains, & the Rocky Mt^{s}. covered with Snow S. W. One of them [of the two low mountains] appeared to be extencive and bore S. 15° E. about 40 Miles. the other I take to be what the Indians call the Little Wolf Mt. I can only see the Southern extremity of it which bears N. 55° W. about 35 Miles The plains to the South rise from the distance of about 6 Miles the width of the bottom gradually to the mountains in that direction. a large creek with an extencive Vally the direction of which is S. 25°. E. meanders boutifully through this plain. a range of high land covered with pine appears to run in a N. & S. direction

approaching the river below. on the Northerly Side of the river high romantic clifts approach & jut over the water for some distance both above and below. a large [Pompey's Pillar] Brook which at this time has been running muddy water falls in to the Rochejhon [Yellowstone] immediately opposite Pompys Tower. back from the river for some distance on that Side



Pompey's Pillar, on the Yellowstone River, from the West.

the hills are ruged [rugged] & some pine back the plains are open and extensive after Satisfying my self sufficiently in this delightful prospect of the extensive country around and the emence herds of Buffalow, Elk and wolves in which it abounded, I descended and proceeded on a few miles.

The snow-covered Rocky Mountains to the "S. W." were undoubtedly the magnificent Big Horn Range. The low mountain to the northwest was probably a part of the Bull

Mountains, and that to the southeast was a portion of the Wolf, or Cheetish Mountains—the Rosebud Mountains on G. L. O. map—east of the Custer battle-field of June 25, 1876. I can find no trace of any other Wolf or Little Wolf Mountains in this region to coincide with the Little Wolf Mountain of Clark.

Almost ninety-three years to a day from the time that Captain Clark stood on the top of Pompey's Pillar, Mr. Huffman, a landscape photographer of Miles City, Montana, and I stood there and looked upon the scene that the Captain describes. The river, with its "high romantic clifts," its beautiful foliage, and its "ruged hills," still flows swiftly by; indeed, as it was then just after a time of high water, the wavelets lapped the base of the rock, and the "250 paces" were reduced to nothing. Not a wolf, buffalo, nor elk did we see, however, but Huffman had killed many a deer in this vicinity in years past and gone. The rock stands practically unchanged, and it must still be climbed "from the northeast." The "two piles of stones" are now one, and that evidently of modern raising. A fifteen minutes' walk to the south across a wide, level, grassy bottom brings one to the railway station of Pompey's Pillar.

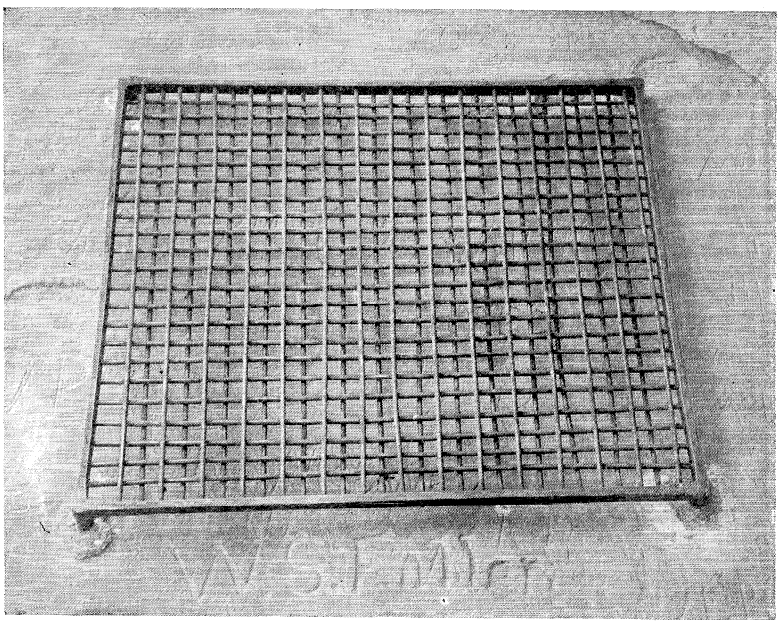
Mr. Huffman and I walked entirely around the base of the rock, and his camera caught the Pillar from different positions. The huge pile is somewhat oval in shape and its sides are smoothly, rather than angularly, vertical. Near at hand it looms up on the bottom land in a way that would naturally enough have attracted Clark's attention.

The top is almost flat, the soil sandy and covered "with short grass" and scrub bushes. At one point, as one sits at the edge of the cliff, a projection of the western wall resembles the profile of a human face.

In his note-book Captain Clark says: "I marked my name and the day of the month and year" [on the rock].

The place where he cut his name is still to be seen at the point where the ascent of the rock is made.

When the Northern Pacific Railway was being constructed, Col. J. B. Clough, the engineer of the Yellowstone division, saw that Clark's name was being rapidly effaced, not alone by time, but by vandals. In behalf of the railway



Iron Grating over the Signature of Captain Clark, on Pompey's Pillar, Montana.

company and under Mr. Henry Villard's instructions, Col. Clough had a heavy double iron screen, 30½ by 24 inches in size, made and sunk firmly into the rock with lead anchorings, so as entirely to cover and protect the name, which is now hard to decipher, for the irrepressible fool has been there, and has scratched and cut *his* various names all

around it, and even over some of the letters and between the lines.

The Indian pictographs were not easily found, and had not Mr. Huffman and I both been somewhat familiar with such things, I doubt if we could have discovered them. The only ones we saw were immediately about Clark's inscription itself, but they are now so nearly effaced by weathering as to lose most of their detail. The scratched names and dates other than Clark's ranged from 1843 to 1899.

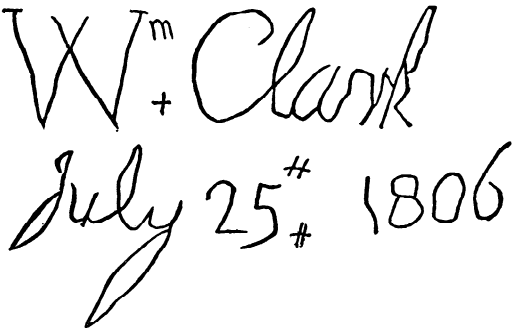
Captain Clark, as the excerpt from the codex shows, first called this rock Pompey's Tower, and it is so given on his map of 1814. Afterward, either he refreshed his memory regarding the historic pile at Alexandria, Egypt, for which it was undoubtedly named, but which it does not in the least resemble, or Biddle and Allen corrected his text.

Various mythical stories are prevalent in Montana regarding Pompey's Pillar. A common one is that it was called after Clark's negro servant, York, whose name is erroneously supposed to have been Pompey. Another is that it was named after a Yellowstone River steamboat hand named Pompey, who died and was buried on top of the rock, and that an inscription to that effect is found on the side of the Pillar. Huffman and I found no such inscription, and at all events, Clark's journal effectually settles the question of name.

Two creeks flow into the Yellowstone at this point. One, on the south, appears to be nameless; the other, on the north, meanders through a lovely valley, and was named by Clark "Baptist" Creek, after Baptiste Lepage, one of his men. Baptist Creek has now become Pompey's Pillar Creek.

Continuing down the stream after completing the inspection of Pompey's Pillar, after a fifty-eight-mile run for

the day, the party reached the mouth of a very muddy creek, where they camped. This stream, which they called Shannon's Creek, would appear to be the present Bull Mountain Creek, being, Clark says, nine miles below Pompey's Pillar, but Clark charts Shannon's Creek on his map



Signature of Captain Clark Cut on Pompey's Pillar.

as flowing into the Yellowstone at Pompey's Pillar, and Coues makes Bull Mountain Creek to be some unnamed creek of Clark's, miles below Shannon's Creek. Clark, Clark's map, and Dr. Coues are decidedly at variance, while Shannon seems to have been "irrecoverably" lost.

On July 26th, after sixty-two (?) miles of travel the party reached the mouth of the true Big Horn River,

> but finding the point between the two [rivers] composed of soft mud and sand, and liable to be overflowed, they ascended the Bighorn for half a mile, then crossed and formed a camp on its lower [east] side.

Here, these first historical characters of this region were on ground that was destined to become still more historically interesting, many years later.

Clark evidently wanted exercise after being cramped for hours in his so-called boat, and he accordingly walked up the river seven miles, he says, to where a stream which he

called Muddy Creek and which Coues identifies with Tullock's Fork, joins the Big Horn. If this identification is correct, either Clark was wofully out in his estimate of miles or the maps are all in error, for the latter show the junction of the creek with the river to be not more than from two to four miles above the mouth of the Big Horn.

The Big Horn River, which derives its name from the Big Horn, or mountain sheep, is one of the three largest tributaries of the Yellowstone, and its remoter sources are not far from those of the Yellowstone itself, in the region southeast of Yellowstone Park. Of all the affluents of the Yellowstone, the Big Horn is the most important, and it is a noble river, of its class. In its upper courses it is known as the Wind River. It flows southeasterly until free from the mountains, when it turns northward along the western slopes of the Big Horn Range and winds its way through a wild region replete with attractive scenery, to the Yellowstone. As has been previously intimated, it bore an important part in the developments of the fur trade. About forty miles above its mouth the Big Horn receives the waters of the Little Big Horn, or the Little Horn as it is now generally called.

It was at the mouth of the Big Horn that Manuel Lisa built his trading post in 1807, the one to which Colter made his way after his adventure with the Blackfeet.

Lisa's Fort, or Fort Manuel, was abandoned, probably in 1811. Fort Benton was built at this point in 1822 by the Missouri Fur Company, but it was abandoned in the following year. Ashley and Henry had a short-lived post here in 1823. Fort Cass, or Tullock's Fort, was built in 1832 on the Yellowstone a short distance below the Big Horn, but was abandoned in 1835. Still farther down the Yellowstone was Fort Sarpy, constructed in 1850, and in use until 1859–60.

In the wars with the Sioux Indians after the close of the Civil War, this region was an important theatre of operations. The country drained by the Yellowstone and the Big Horn and their tributaries was a glorious buffalo and game range, it afforded fine pasturage for Indian ponies, and was for a long time isolated and almost unknown to the whites. The valleys of the Big Horn, Tongue, Rosebud, and Powder rivers afforded the Sioux and the Cheyennes a large and beautiful country over which to roam and hunt at leisure, and they loved it with a devotion that is not at all surprising.

I have, myself, seen much of the region between the Big Horn and Tongue rivers, and I think no less of Gall, Crazy Horse, Sitting Bull, Dull Knife, Moon-two, White Bull, and their people, that they clung to their beautiful, beloved Storyland and fought, bled, and died for it. The conflict and its natural results were truly inevitable, but we would have done as these people did had we been in their places.

Just seventy years and one month from the time that Clark stood on Pompey's Pillar and looked over the silent and attractive landscape around him, a terrific battle was in progress on the Big Horn, or more specifically, on the Little Big Horn River, and at the day's ending, June 25, 1876, Gen. Geo. A. Custer and five companies of his regiment, the 7th U. S. Cavalry, lay stark in death, while the Indians under Crazy Horse, Gall, and Sitting Bull were glorying in their victory. Just seventy years and one month from the time that Clark was taking an evening promenade up the Big Horn, the steamer *Far West*, with Generals Terry and Gibbon and their little column of less than five hundred men, was slowly working up the Big Horn River to the Little Horn. When, on the 26th, the Crow scout Curley and the other white scouts reported the annihilation of Custer, it cast a gloom, dismay almost, over

the command. But there was no faltering, the column pushed ahead with every likelihood of meeting the same fate. On discovering its advance, strange as it may seem, the Indians decamped without an effort to arrest it. On the morning of June 27th, the command relieved Major Reno's troops, who were besieged on a hill some four miles beyond where Custer and his men had met their fate, and then the wounded were cared for and the dead buried. The wounded being conveyed to the *Far West*, the steamer at once started for Bismarck and Fort Lincoln, where it arrived July 4th, 1876, and the first intelligence of the awful disaster was flashed over the wires, whereupon a whole nation went into mourning.

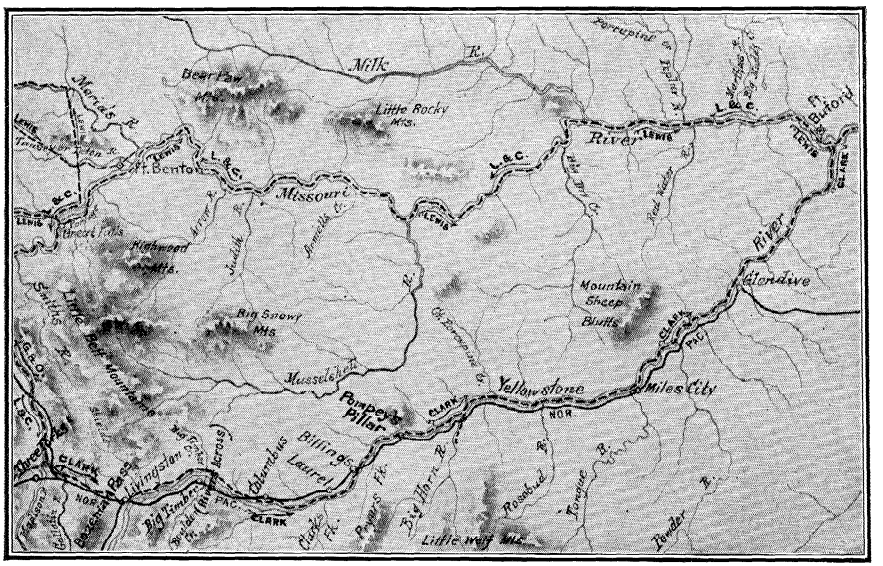
Then followed, in our otherwise joyful Centennial year, an Indian campaign, the like of which has never been seen on our Western plains, not excepting the Nez Percé pursuit of 1877. Crook, Terry, Merritt, and Miles chased Indians over the vast region drained by the Yellowstone and Missouri until Indians and troops, cavalry horses and ponies, were utterly worn out and horses and men dropped on the trail in exhaustion.

Take a good map of the Northwest and you will see scattered over it little crossed sabres, signifying battles between the troops and the Indians at such points; the first conflict—not thus marked, however—was that fight of Captain Lewis's on the headwaters of Maria's River.

Forts and cantonments have been established here and there from the earliest days of the frontier, have passed beyond the period of their usefulness, have been dismantled and abandoned, and have been succeeded by other posts, which in turn have run their course.

Since the Custer battle, the Custer field itself, enclosed by a substantial wire fence, has been made a national, or soldiers' cemetery. From the old forts and battle-fields

scattered throughout the Northwest, the bodies of soldiers who have fallen in Indian warfare have been removed to this spot and occupy a considerable area of it; the Custer battle-field is, therefore, now an epitome of all that has gone before;



Route of Captain Clark. Three Forks of the Missouri to the Mouth of the Yellowstone River.

standing for Indian warfare in the entire Northwest, and not alone for the Custer conflicts.

The fight between Captain Lewis and the Minnetarees and the stealing of Captain Clark's horses in the Yellowstone Valley by the Crows, in 1806, marked the beginning of an irrepressible conflict with most of the plains tribes, that reached its culmination at the Custer battle-field on the Little Horn River in 1876, for at the end of the Indian campaign of that year a lesson had been taught the tribes which has never since had to be repeated.

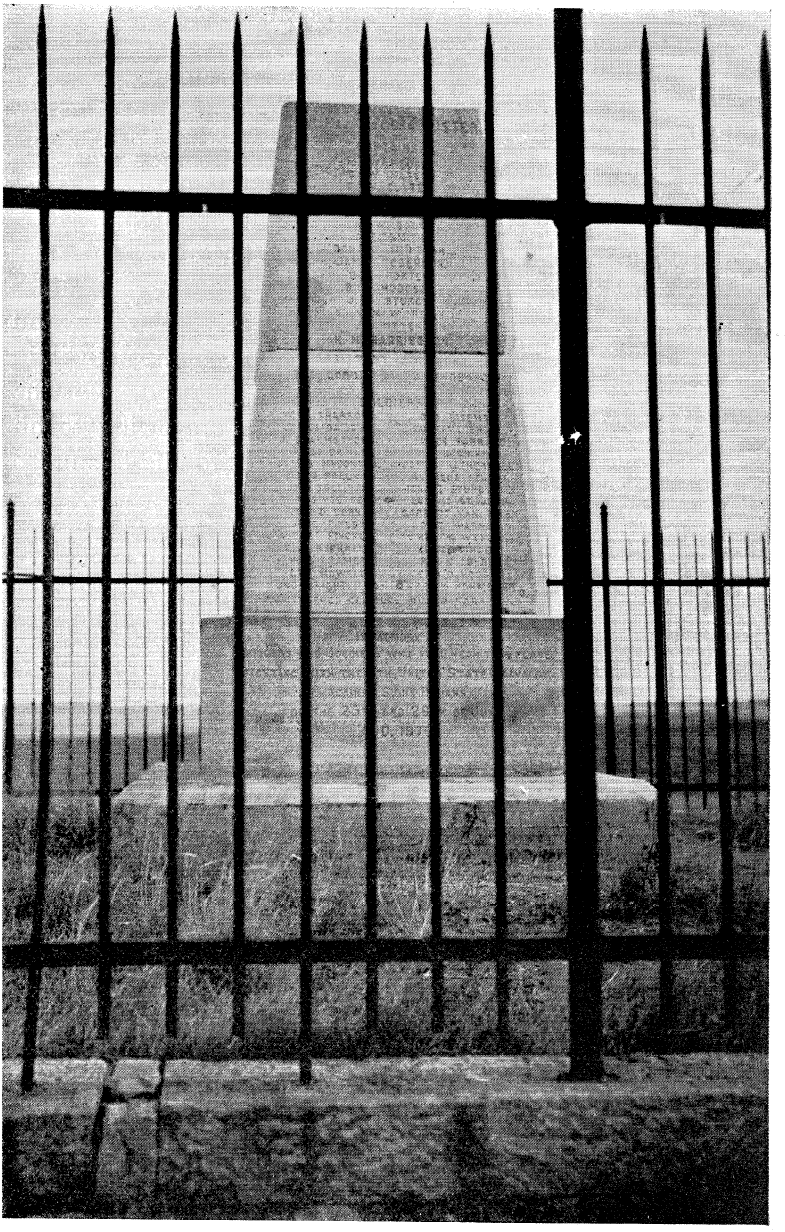
The Nez Percé war of 1877 and that of Wounded Knee

of a later time were more or less sporadic in their nature, the flickerings of a declining and futile opposition to an evolution that was rolling on with the certain and remorseless advance of a Juggernaut.

Captain Clark's map which accompanied the Lewis and Clark report is an interesting one from whatever point we view it. His knowledge of the Yellowstone and Tongue River regions in 1806 was very vague. But, as intimated in the sketch of the life of Colter, Clark incorporated on his map of 1814 a great deal of geographical information relative to this country gleaned subsequently from Colter, after the latter's adventures in 1807. This map was undoubtedly a great advance on all previous knowledge of this region, but it is a matter for regret that Clark was not a little more explicit in some details, and that, for example, he did not indicate by arrows in what directions Colter travelled along his dotted trail.

Yellowstone Park was, in a way, foreshadowed by the "Boiling Spring" on Stinkingwater, now Shoshone River, and by "Hot Springs Brimstone" and "Lake Eustis," now Yellowstone Lake, farther west. Clark's "Lake Biddle" is undoubtedly Jackson Lake of to-day, just south of the Park boundary. This map is supplemented by important memoranda of this region incorporated in the note-books during Clark's residence in St. Louis, and corroborative of what appears on the map.

On Sunday, July 27th, "They again set out very early, and on leaving the Bighorn took a last look at the Rocky [the Bighorn] Mountains, which had been constantly in view from the first of May." They passed large herds of elk, very gentle, "vast quantities of buffaloe," many beaver, but few deer, antelope, and bighorns. Cottonwood trees, willow bushes, rose bushes, "red berry or buffalo-grease bushes," etc., lined the banks of the river.



The Custer Monument on the Battle-field of the Little Big Horn River, Montana, of June 25, 1876.

Rose bushes were formerly a very conspicuous feature of many of these streams, notably of Rosebud River, which the Captain soon reaches. The "buffalo-grease" berry is undoubtedly the "bull" berry of to-day. The bush is of a pale green color, grows from ten to thirty feet high, is wide-spreading, has stiff thorns that hurt when they prick one, and the berry is usually of a bright red color and resembles the currant. I first saw this shrub and berry in Utah, and on my first visit to Custer battle-field in 1892, I found it in the Big Horn Valley, south from Custer station. On the banks of the Yellowstone I saw the bush growing to an extreme height and bearing a *yellow* berry. The bush also grows luxuriantly in the Gallatin Valley and the berries make delicious preserves and jellies. It is a very interesting bush and berry and invariably attracts attention.

The general text of the Biddle–Allen edition of Lewis and Clark's report seems, for some reason not easily explained, to have very inadequately reflected Clark's notes along the Yellowstone. There is so much left out and misassigned that it is hardly worth while to go into details. Coues's edition corrects the matter in foot-notes and the new Thwaites edition reports the text *verbatim*.

On July 28th, the party passed the site of Forsyth, and the mouth of the Rosebud River, where, Larpenteur says, Fort Alexander was built in 1842.

On the 29th, they passed the spot where Fort Keogh now stands, and camped at the mouth of Tongue River, where to-day Miles City is a thriving town.

The Tongue River is another large stream draining a wide region south of the Yellowstone. This river is second only to the Big Horn, some of its sources being in Wyoming, and it draws its life largely from the never-failing snows and springs of the Big Horn Range. It is a fine stream, now devoted, particularly in its lower reaches, to the useful pur-

poses of irrigation. Its valley was formerly one of the favorite haunts of the Sioux. Fort Van Buren was constructed on the right bank of the Yellowstone at the mouth of the Tongue in 1835. It was named after President Van Buren and was in use until 1843.

An excerpt from the narrative of July 29th, regarding the Tongue River, shows the careful observations of Lewis and Clark.

> It has a very wide bed and a channel of water 150 yards wide; but the water is of a light brown color, very muddy and nearly milk-warm; it is shallow and its rapid current throws out great quantities of mud and some coarse gravel. Near the mouth is a large proportion of timber, *but the warmth of the water would seem to indicate that the country through which it passes is open and without shade* [italics are mine].

Fort Keogh is a large and pleasant military post two miles west of Miles City. It is named after Captain Keogh, who perished with Custer on the Little Horn, and it has been, in its day, one of the most important military establishments in the West.

Leaving their Tongue River camp, the expedition now began to encounter rapids that compelled caution in navigation. At "Buffaloe shoal," so called "from the circumstance of one of those animals being found in them," the canoes had to be let down by hand.

Between Miles City and Glendive the Yellowstone passes through what is popularly known as the Bad Lands country. It is the southern continuation of that weird, spectacular region which the explorers remarked, when ascending the Missouri above the Mandan towns and Fort Berthold. The highly colored strata, interspersed with dull grays and neutral tones, with black, coal seams, have been eroded into conspicuous figures and buttes. These prominent landmarks and objects were noted by Clark even

more fully than the regular narrative indicates. Some of these are now known as Tower Buttes, the Devil's Backbone, Sheridan's Butte, Glendive Butte, etc.

Some of the rapids encountered and named by the party were Bear Rapids, named from "a bear standing on one of these rocks," entirely oblivious of the honor done him, and Wolf Rapids, so-called "from seeing a wolf there." These names are in use to-day.

To recognize the many streams flowing into the Yellowstone below Pompey's Pillar, as named and located by Clark, and to adjust his names and distances with the modern nomenclature and measurements, with certainty, would entail a careful canoe trip down the river.

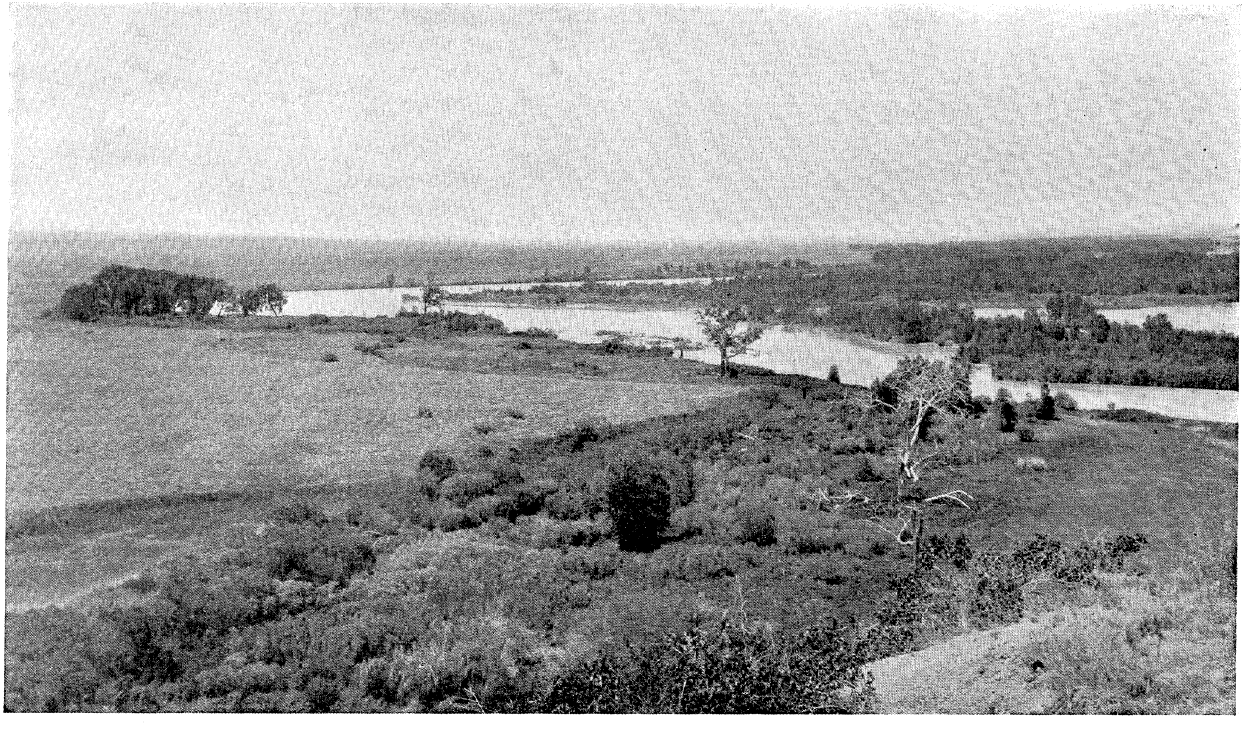
Clark records an interesting coincidence in the name given to Powder River.

> Its current throws out great quantities of red stones; which circumstance, with the appearance of the distant hills, induced Captain Clark to call it the Redstone, which he afterward found to be the meaning of its Indian name, Wahasah.

The camp of July 31st seems to have been not far above Glendive.

The party now descended the river rapidly, but were bothered by the buffaloes. "I was obliged to let the Buffalow cross over, notwithstanding an island of *half a mile in width* over which this gangue of Buffalow had to pass," says the Captain. These animals were to be seen in vast numbers, and though the river at this point was a mile wide, including the island, "the herd stretched, as thickly as they could swim, from one side to the other, and the party was obliged to stop for an hour." They killed four of the buffaloes and doubtless had a genuine hunters' feast that night. Below their night's camp "two other herds of buffalo, as numerous as the first, soon after crossed the river."

After reading the frequent references all through the



View up the Yellowstone River from the Top of Pompey's Pillar.

narrative to the immense herds of bison then occupying the plains, it requires a great forcing of the imagination to realize that but a pitiful remnant now remains, and chiefly in Yellowstone Park, where an effort is being made to preserve and increase the species.

On August 2d, the character of the river changed, showing that they were nearing its mouth. The current diminished in force, and sand-bars, islands, and mud-banks replaced the rocks and rapids. Game of all kinds was now seen in great numbers. Their friends the grizzly bears again appeared, and in no more amiable mood than those at Whitebear Islands.

> This morning one of them, which was on a sand bar, as the boat passed, raised himself on his hind feet, and after looking at the party, plunged in and swam toward them. He was received with three balls in the body; he then turned round and made for the shore. Toward evening another entered the water to swim across. Captain Clark ordered the boat toward the shore, and just as the bear landed, shot the animal in the head. It proved to be the largest female they had ever seen, so old that its tusks were worn quite smooth. The boats escaped with difficulty between two herds of buffalo which were crossing the river, and would probably have again detained the party.
>
> August 3d. . . . About two o'clock they reached, eight miles below Fields's Creek, the junction of the Yellowstone with the Missouri, and formed a camp on the point where they had camped on the 26th of April, 1805.

The narrative now recounts the character of the Rochejaune, or Yellowstone, and its adaptability to the purposes of the fur trade, its possibilities of navigation, etc., with reference to the establishment of trading forts, or posts. The concluding portion of this reflection reveals a curious and most ambiguous piece of writing. I quote it here, the italics being my own.

> Like all the branches of the Missouri which penetrate the Rocky Mountains, the Yellowstone and its streams, within that

district of country *beyond Clark's fork*, abound in beaver and otter; a circumstance which strongly recommends the entrance of the *latter river* as a judicious position for the purposes of trade. To an establishment at *that* place the Shoshonees, both within and westward of the Rocky mountains, would willingly resort, as they would be further from the reach of the Blackfoot Indians and the Minnetarees of Fort de Prairie, than they could be in trading with any [other] factories on the Missouri. The same motive of personal safety would most probably induce many of the tribes on the Columbia and Lewis River, to prefer this place to the entrance of Maria's River, at least for some years; and as the Crow and Paunch Indians, the Castahanahs, and the Indians residing *south of Clark's Fork*, would also be induced to visit it, the *mouth of the Yellowstone* might be considered as one of the most important establishments for the western fur-trade. This too may be the more easily effected, as the adjacent country possesses a sufficiency of timber for the purpose—an advantage which is not found at any spot between Clark's Fork and the Rocky Mountains.

Lewis, who seems to have written this, starts out with a reference to a fort at Clark's Fork which Clark had himself suggested when at the mouth of that stream; he closes with a reference to a post at the mouth of the Yellowstone, with no apparent distinction between the two. Dr. Coues evidently considered this entire paragraph as referring to a post at the mouth of the Yellowstone, but I do not so understand it. Construed with Clark's narrative of July 24th, it seems clear that it refers to the mouth of Clark's Fork and that the words "mouth of the Yellowstone" are a slip. Lewis may have meant, without at all clearly expressing it, what was really comprehended in the subsequent course of events, viz.: to establish a parent post, a general depot at the mouth of the Yellowstone, and a secondary, or subsidiary fort at the junction of Clark's Fork and the Yellowstone. It can scarcely be credible that either Lewis or Clark thought to induce the Nez Percé, the Salish, and the Shoshoni to convey their peltries clear to the mouth of

the Yellowstone to barter them. Fort Union and the line of trading posts along the upper Missouri and the Yellowstone heretofore referred to were the fulfilment and consummation of this general idea.

The camp at the mouth of the Yellowstone, Clark says,

> became absolutely uninhabitable in consequence of the multitude of mosquetoes; . . . Captain Clark therefore determined to go on to some spot which would be free from musquitoes and furnish more game. After having written a note to Captain Lewis to inform him of his intention, and stuck it on a pole at the confluence of the two rivers, he loaded the canoes at five in the afternoon August 4th and proceeded down the river to the second point and encamped on a sandbar; but here the musquetoes seemed to be even more numerous than above. The face of the Indian child is considerably puffed and swollen with the bites of these animals, nor could the men procure scarcely any sleep during the night, and they continued to harrass them the next morning.
>
> THURSDAY, AUGUST 5th, as they proceeded. On one occasion Captain Clark went on shore and ascended a hill after one of the bighorns; but the musquetoes were in such multitudes that he could not keep them from the barrel of his rifle long enough to take aim. About ten o'clock, however, a light breeze sprang up from the northwest and dispersed them in some degree. Captain Clark then landed on a sandbar, intending to wait for Captain Lewis, and went out to hunt. But not finding any buffaloe, he again proceeded in the afternoon, and having killed a large white bear, encamped under a high bluff exposed to a light breeze from the southwest, which blew away the musquetoes.

I am forcibly reminded by this of an experience of my own in 1878, during three days and nights while camped on the Green River in Utah, where not only were the men of the party unable to obtain sleep, but even the pack train out in the foothills noticeably lost flesh and strength.

The hunting was not good and Clark was anxious to procure some skins for purposes of barter among the Mandans, as

having now neither horses nor merchandise, our only resort in order to obtain corn and beans is a stock of skins, which those Indians very much admire.

He continued, therefore, to work slowly down the river, hoping each day that Captain Lewis would appear.

In the meantime, on August 8th, Sergeant Pryor and his party overtook them, minus the horses. Poor Pryor had had hard luck. The Sergeant reported that on the morning of the third day after separating from Clark their horses were missing.

They immediately examined the neighbourhood, and soon finding the track of the Indians who had stolen the horses, pursued them for five miles, where the fugitives divided into two parties. They now followed the largest party five miles farther, till they lost all hopes of overtaking the Indians, and returned to the camp; and packing the baggage on their backs, pursued a northeast course towards the Yellowstone. On the following night a wolf bit Sergeant Pryor through the hand as he lay asleep and made an attempt to seize Windsor, when Shannon discovered and shot him. They passed over a broken, open country, and having reached the Yellowstone near Pompey's Pillar, they determined to descend the river, and for this purpose made two skin canoes [bull boats] such as they had seen among the Mandans and Ricaras. They are made in the following manner: Two sticks of an inch and a quarter in diameter are tied together so as to form a round hoop, which serves for the brim, while a second hoop, for the bottom of the boat, is made in the same way, and both secured by sticks of the same size from the sides of the hoops, fastened by thongs at the edges of the hoops and at the interstices of the sticks; over this frame the skin is drawn closely and tied with thongs, so as to form a perfect basin seven feet and three inches in diameter, sixteen inches deep, and with sixteen ribs or cross-sticks, and capable of carrying six or eight men with their loads. Being unacquainted with the river, they thought it most prudent to divide their guns and ammunition, so that in case of accident all might not be lost, and therefore built two canoes. In these frail vessels they embarked, and were surprised at the perfect security in which they passed through the most difficult shoals and rapids of the river, without ever taking in water, even during the highest winds.

It will be seen that of the fifty horses with which Clark had started from Traveller's-rest Creek on July 3d, every one of them had been stolen by the Crows, the most expert

A Crow—Absaroka—Indian. (*From a drawing by Paxson.*)

thieves of the plains. If any attempts were made to herd and guard their animals at night, I have noticed no mention of it, and the ease with which the Indians seem to have performed their work rather negatives the idea.

On August 11th, as the party were slowly moving down

stream they met two traders, "Dickson and Hancock, who had come from the Illinois on a hunting excursion up the Yellowstone." From them, the first white men they had seen for more than a year, they learned the current news, and then they continued down the river.

Soon after leaving camp on August 12th, they were compelled to halt to repair a leak in one of the "bull-boats," and while there

they were overjoyed at seeing Captain Lewis's boats heave in sight about noon. But this feeling was changed into alarm on seeing the boats reach the shore without Captain Lewis, who they then learned had been wounded the day before, and was lying in the periogue. After giving to his wound all the attention in our power we remained here some time, during which we were overtaken by our two men, accompanied by Dickson and Hancock, who wished to go [return] with us as far as the Mandans. The whole party being now happily reunited, we left the two skin canoes, and all embarked together, about three o'clock, in the boats.